1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
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anybody dies roun heah, some root wukuh is responsible fuh the death.[15, 69b] Now, me, I don't believe people kin put sumpm unduh steps aw unduh yuh house that will hahm yuh. Some time ago my son, my only chile, wuz drownded. Well every time I tun roun some of my neighbuhs wuz tellin me my son's death wuzn't fair. They say 'somebody hoodood yuh chile an cause him tuh git drownded.' "

She hastened to add, however, that she did believe "fuh sho" in some signs and omens, concerning which she has been "plenty sperienced."

"Take fuh instance," she explained, "ef I staht out an have tuh tun back, I know it's bad luck less I makes a cross mahk an spits in it. I try tuh keep a woman frum bein the fust pusson tuh come tuh my house on Monday mawnin even ef I have tuh call in a man passin by. Fuh a woman tuh be yuh fust visituh on Monday mawnin means bad luck the balance of that week. I won't borruh aw len salt, fuh my mothuh alluz said it wuz bad luck. I believe in all the ole signs I ebuh heahd my parents talk bout. I wouldn't sweep trash out of the house aftuh dahk fuh anything cuz it'll sweep yuh luck away. Nevuh shake a tablecloth out duh doe aftuh dahk cause it means the death of yuh kin. Nevuh sew aw make a piece fuh a sick pusson aw that pusson will die.[49] An dreams, I sho do believe in em. Jis fo my son wuz drownded I suttnly have a dream that mean a death in the fambly."

The next person * we interviewed several blocks away expressed an absolute faith in the return of the dead in various shapes. This was a man, who spoke with great earnestness of two experiences he had undergone, one with spirits, the other with a witch. He, too, had been born with a caul.[4]

"Muh fus time tuh see a ghos wuz in a rainstawm. Me an muh brudduh wuz caught, so we run tuh a ole vacant house an soons we git inside, duh doe slam shut. We tought it wuz

* *S. B. Holmes, 716 East Perry Street.*

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propped up against one of the buildings, we recalled a belief prevailing in most of the Negro communities already visited.

"Does a hoe possess magic qualities?" we wanted to know.

Uncle Ben and Reuben glanced at each other, then muttered in unison, "Yes'm, duh hoe is magic sho nuff."

From Reuben we received the additional statement, "Ef yuh carry duh hoe tru duh house, it sho mean bad luck."

Uncle Ben's contribution was, "I heah lots uh tings bout duh hoe. I heah tell bout how it jis stan right up in duh fiel by itsef an wuk fuh yuh widout nobody techin it—das ef yuh kin wuk it right." [39]

When we asked about the music played at dances and at church services, Uncle Ben explained to us, "Some yeahs back at duh dances dey would alluz beat duh drums an shake some kine uh bones wut dey make frum cow's ribs. All duh folks would keep time wid deah hans an feet an dance tuh duh music." [23]

Apparently the memory of similar affairs was pleasant to Reuben, the young guide, for his eyes gleamed and his white teeth flashed in a sudden smile. "Fo I wuz married," he said, "I use tuh go tuh dances an picnics all duh time. Dey would hab only duh drums fuh music an dey would beat on em an duh folks would dance roun in a ring tuh duh toon."

As it was growing dark, we were forced to end our visit to this interesting settlement. Reuben led the way back to the car and we plunged again into the pine forest.

Going back over the trail we commiserated with Reuben, who apparently made the trip frequently. "I comes tuh see em mos ebry day. Yuh see, Ise married tuh deah baby girl," he confided.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Johns Island

*Mrs. Jamie Hunter*

## THEY WANT ME TO TALK ABOUT THE PAST

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869
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I tell you, young people got a lot chance to think more in their age than I had to think in my days. 'Cause I couldn't think 'bout nothing but plant peas and corn in my days. But now these children got so much different thing to go through and learn, and they got nice schools. If they don't learn, it's nobody's fault but their own. Then I try to teach them these stories and different song and let them know what blues was like in my days coming up. My children like it. They sit down and they want me to talk about the past. They enjoy hearing it. I want them to know about it, so when I gone there be somebody to carry it on.

*Mrs. Isabel Simmons*

## LIFE IS VERY DIFFERENT NOW

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(791)
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829
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The old times was hard, but we still need religion right now. Life is very different now.

There is so much television here now; you didn't had that. It don't make life easier for me; it make 'em hard 'cause people stay home more. Lot don't go to church and different thing because they stay for see story. In them time only story you would hear tell, you tell your own story. This time, you watch television for story.

And the children now, they watch the TV and they take the thing on the TV to do just what they doing now. They think what is on the TV is real. But them time there doesn't be that kind of killing and shooting and cutting up like what going on now. Once in a while you hear about somebody die, but don't never hear about nobody get killed.

*Mrs. Alice Wine*

## EVERYBODY SITTING ON THEIR OWN STOOPS

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'Course that day, coming in 1919, all around like that, people was more friendly to one another. People come and sit with you and read the Bible. But these days you don't find anybody come visit. Everybody sitting on their own stoops. You don't find nobody to my house. When you're sick, people used to go around and have meeting for you and pray for you. Now the people who live in the house with the sick people got to come and ask somebody come pray for them. But before, people know you is sick. Not now. That's done pass.

873 For three generations a few young women on the island have attended college. At the time of the field work for the present study, at least four young women were attending colleges within and outside of the state. No young men were [874] orientated toward college, although one had attended technical school. Reasons for this sex difference will be discussed in the final chapter on social factors related to linguistic change.

512 505 The rhythm of daily life on the island centers around the morning and evening boat trips to and from it. Before seven in the morning the noisy school boat has taken the first load of youngsters to meet the school bus at the mainland landing. Numerous small boats take workers to their cars at the landing or to meet rides on the highway some four miles further. During the day, the only men usually on the island 512 [732] are two who are blind and one or two who may be temporarily [734] sick. Several older women remain, some of whom care for [855] very young children entrusted to their care. Occasionally a younger woman with several pre-school children remains daily to care for them, but most women have mainland jobs. By 512 four o'clock the last boatload of children has returned from 505 mainland schools, and older boys prepare to meet returning parents in the family boats. By dark, most of the people have returned to their island homes and will spend the remainder of the evening on the island, except for special [574] occasions. Occasionally trips will be made to visit a sick

512 neighbor in the hospital of a nearby town. Young men some-
505 times go across the water again for recreation in town.
(574) Young women usually cannot drive either a boat or a car and are dependent upon some male family member for transportation if they wish to go into town for similar reasons. Electricity
365 came to the island in 1964 and changed the habits of the islanders considerably. Today television provides a major
207 source of recreation for most families in the evenings.
517 Children of ten and eleven watch it many hours in the after-
206 noons and evenings. Telephones have been available since 1972. Some children engage in frequent and lengthy conversations with their mainland friends after school. A new boat
504 landing is scheduled for completion in 1977, which will be
505 large enough to accommodate a ferry. With its completion, reliance on small motor boats will be phased out and mainlanders will have easier access to the island. When the ferry becomes operational, it is probable that the community will become much less of a closed community in important ways.

512 Weekends are resefved for the major social activities
(438) of the community. Saturdays are devoted to shopping for
(574) major supplies in town, or for entertaining mainland visitors and relatives. The major social event of the week is the
512 Sunday morning church service. Most islanders walk two or
796 three miles to the major church at the center of the island.
(493) A few families keep four-wheeled vehicles on the island, and
491 older residents ride in these. Roads on the island are sandy

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island



## FOR I AIN' GOIN' T' DIE NO MO'

533 764 (574) The rhythm and tune of this "settin'-up" song suggest an old English ballad. As can be seen, there is nothing religious about the ironic observation in the first two lines. Julia, who taught me the song, laughingly said: "It's true all right. Mighty few visit the sick, but hundreds go to the wake and the buryin'."

(539)

When I'm on my sick bed—nobody visit me
But now I'm goin' to the graveyard—everybody follow me.
My sister won't y'u low my pillow
Low—low—O-h low
My sister won't y'u low my pillow
Low—for I ain' goin' t' die no mo'.
Somebody goin' to low my pillow
Low—low—O-h low
Somebody goin' to low my pillow
Low—for I ain' goin' t' die no mo'.

159 567 Janey Jackson, (Illustration 33)[A] one of the most picturesque characters of Brunswick, sang an additional verse of the same song. Janey was born on St. Simon's, in "Nigger House Field" at Kelvin Grove, in 1826. At the age of twelve she was sold by the Caters, with her parents,[21] two sisters and a brother, to Mr. Henry duBignon, of Jekyl Island. She told me her family came over to St. Simon's frequently to see friends and relatives, as it was only a short row at low tide before the channel was deepened. Janey described the Caters' Old Dembo, Neptun' Small, father of Clarence and Cornelia, and Adam Proctor, father of Julia and Willis. No doubt it was on St. Simon's that she learned this verse:

(533) (539)

When I bin in de worl' bin a sin—nobody had nothin' to say
But now I come into de House of God—everybody got somethin' to say.
Carry me an' bring me—in dat returnal day
Carry me an' bring me—in dat returnal day.

Under the influence of the duBignons, from whom she also learned to speak French, Janey became a Catholic; and when she went to live in Brunswick, she

[21] Janey's father, Jack, was an African prince, but her mother was "country born" (born in America).

A. [For Illustration 33, see Category H2, plate facing p. 225--Analyst]

10: Johnson S-4,5 (no date) 1930
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9. Don' take no mo' on yo' heels dan you can kick off wid yo' toes. 538
10. Feed you wid corn, choke you wid de cob.

### TOASTS, RHYMES, AND GAMES

The young people know quite a few "toasts," play rhymes, game songs, and the like. Sometimes even an adult will respond to a request to "say a piece" at a party by giving a bit of child's verse. On one occasion a man recited in a formal manner a little piece beginning, 524 538

> My pretty pink, I really think (539)
> That you and I should marry.

Some of the rhymes and games are very old, having been brought over by the English. Others are of recent origin and introduction. Some of the rhymes, for example, are survivals of ante-bellum minstrel verse, and a few are attempts at original verse. (177)

#### *Toasts*[20]

293
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526
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I

Some water I hol' in dis glass
Between my finger an' t'umb.
If I don' drink it all,
I lef' you some.

II

The rose is red
An' violets are blue,
Honey is sweet
An' so are you.

[20] For four other toasts, see Parsons, p. 176. For numerous American versions of children's games, rhymes, etc., see W. W. Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*.

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III

273 Thou art my love, and I am thine,
• 514 I drew thee for my valentine.
516
539

IV

The glass is full of water
And the pail is full of wine,
The world is full of boys and girls,
But, honey, you are mine.

*Other Verses*

I

Some people have one coat,
T'ank God, I got two.
All de week I vear a ragged coat,
On Sunday my long-tail blue.

II

I went to de jail-house on my knees,
Firs' t'ing I saw was a pan o' peas.
Peas was red an' meat was fat—
Got stuck on de jail-house jus' fuh dat.

III

I went to de hen-house de odder night,
It was awful dark an' I had no light.
Only de roostah givin' out de hymn,
Givin' out de hymn fuh de hen o' prayah.
*Did he preach it!*

IV

'Possum on de 'simmon tree
A-winkin' down on me.
I pick up a stick, an' I was so shy,
I pop um across ol' 'possum's eye.

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V

'Possum on de 'simmon tree,
Sparrow on de groun';
'Possum t'row de 'simmon down,
Sparrow shake um 'roun'.

VI

Hawk an' buzza't went to law,
Hawk come back wid a broken jaw.

VII

When I been a little boy
I stayed by myself.
All de bread an' cheese I git,
I put um on de shelf.
De rat an' mice, I nevah see de like.
Rough shirt, standin' collah,
'Nough to make a niggah hollah.
Walk in, John, I'll be yo' frien',
I'm ridin' on a pickynut tree.

VIII[21]

I had a little pony,
His name was Dimple Gray.
I len' him to a lady,
She ride him miles away.
She whip him, she lash him,
She ride him t'rough de mire.
I wouldn' len' my pony 'g'in
Fo' all de lady hire.

IX

All of a row,
Bend a bow,
Shot at a pigeon
And killed a crow.

[21] Compare a similar rhyme, with tune, given by Parsons, p. 185.

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X

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Nose, nose, jolly red nose.
What gave you that jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spice an clo'es,
They give me this jolly red nose.

XI[22]

There was an old man
And he had a calf,
And that's half.
He took him out of the stall
And put him on the wall,
And that's all.

XII

Since that lady gave you that box,
You look like you are going to have the chicken-pox.

Since people walk on the street,
You are name the days of the week.

Since people don't always go to work on time,
I am writing rhymes.

Where are you going, Jack?
You look like you just come back.

Hello, Si.
You look like you going to cut some rye.

Where is my dog
I took for the frog
That was sitting on the log?

[22] This and the one following were written down and turned in by pupils in two of the Island schools. Apparently they are attempts at original rhymes.

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517
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Where are you going, Mary?
You look so contrary.

*Play Rhymes and Games*[23]

539
524

I

Eeny, meeny, miny, mo,
Ketch a neighbor by 'e toe,
If 'e holler, let 'im go.

II

Ink stink, tobacco stink,
Ketch a neighbor by his toe,
If he holler, let 'im go.

III

Eeny, meeny, dilly, deany,
Hit um a lick an' John de guney.
Time, time, American time,
Eighteen hundred an' ninety-nine.

IV

Cod fish, cod fish,
How many cod fish do you wish?
Four spell four an' you're clean out
Wid yo' mudder dirty dish clot' in yo' mout'.

V

William, William, thrumble toe,
He's a good fisher man.
Ketches hen, put um in de pen.
Wi', bri', limber lock,
T'ree geese in a flock,
One flew eas', one flew wes',
One flew over de cuckoo nes'.
O-U-T spells *out*,
You ol' dirty dish rag, *you!*

[23] I-VII are counting-out rhymes. No. VIII is a hide-and-seek form.

11: Johnson H-4,5 (no date) 1930
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will pay for it. The two days following Christmas day; the first Saturdays after finishing threshing, planting, hoeing, and harvest, are also to be holidays, on which the people may work for themselves. Only half task is to be done on every Saturday, except during planting and harvest, and [except by] those who have misbehaved or been lying up during the week.[44]

Most of their holidays the slaves spent "pleasuring themselves." Christmas was the great event of the year, for it was at this time that the master distributed rewards to his people as well as extra provisions of beef and molasses and "hands of tobacco." The master of at least one sea-island plantation also provided his slaves with "plenty of whiskey." At the end of the three-day orgy the Negroes were often "completely done up with eating, drinking, and dancing."[45]

A holiday was also the occasion for many requests to visit the island stores and neighboring plantations, but most planters discouraged inter-plantation visits and required the overseer and the drivers to check up frequently on the activities in the "street." An overseer was supposed to see that all was well in the quarters before he went to bed, and the drivers were also responsible for keeping the street quiet. It was by this means rather than by the patrol system that sea-island planters kept peace on their plantations at night, although occasionally the planters or their overseers joined in "riding a patrol." No slave was permitted either by law or by plantation regulation to be absent from home without a ticket. While some planters permitted every well behaved slave to have one whenever he requested it, others issued tickets more

[44] Phillips, *Plantation and Frontier*, I, 117.
[45] Hall, *Travels in North America*, II, 232.

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grades. The school was equipped with blackboards, charts, and maps, and in most cases provided the pupils with books and slates. After Miss Towne's death in 1901, Miss Murray carried on the work of the school until 1904 when Miss Rossa B. Cooley and Miss Grace B. House, teachers at Hampton Institute in Virginia, took over the work, and the curriculum was enlarged to include industrial and agricultural training similar to that offered by Hampton.

As in slavery the laborer had stopped work at noon Saturday and declared a holiday until Monday morning, so did the freedman. Saturday afternoon saw the island roads lined with pedestrians and carts, for each head of the family, regardless of where he lived, felt that he must pay a visit to "Corner Store" or even go to Beaufort. Saturday night was the time for general merriment, a dance for non-church members, a sing or a shout for those who were. Miss Towne complained in 1876 that on Frogmore plantation where she lived the people were beginning to have parties on other nights of the week as well. "Last night," she wrote, "our boys went to a party again, and to-day they are sleeping it out. We have issued the edict, 'No more parties this winter,' for there is arising among the Frogmore young men a constant desire for gayety,—suppers, etc., that we intend to begin to frown upon. They are flush just now, and are spending too much. They are all temperance parties, which is one good thing."[22]

Although there were occasions when people from all parts of the Island assembled together, as on Saturday afternoons at Corner Store, at church on Sunday mornings,

[22] *Letters and Diary*, p. 257.

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or at funerals, social life on St. Helena, as Miss Towne suggested in her complaint against the Frogmore people, was still by plantations. Distances on the Island were too great to enable any considerable amount of inter-plantation visiting. The old plantation names were retained, therefore, and though a man owned his little plot of the old master's land, he still regarded himself as belonging to the old plantation. He was a Tom Fripp Negro, a Frogmore Negro, or an Indian Hill Negro as the case might be, and he usually "pleasured himself" with his "own people."

To the customary holidays of slavery times, the freedmen added three others, the Fourth of July, Decoration Day, and Emancipation Day, celebrations introduced under northern influence. Dr. J. M. Hawks, who was stationed in the conquered territory during the early days of the occupation of Port Royal, wrote to his wife, "Where I live, we [*sic*] the negroes had a great celebration on the fourth, first at 6 A. M. raised a big flag to the top of the cupalo, . . . Then they had a regular barbecue—a beef was killed and roasted a la mode Southern. P. M. dancing commenced and was kept up all the rest of the day. Our Supts. and Schoolmaster and an officer joined in the dance."[33]

The people of St. Helena modified the celebration until it came to be an occasion centering chiefly about Corner Store. There in the grove of trees opposite the store, people from all over the Island erected their stands until the string of tables reached out to a task's length. There were so many trying to sell that there was scarcely any one left to buy.

[33] MS in Hawks Letters. J. M. Hawks to Esther Hawks, July 6, 1862.